

Something I Can Never Have

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Summary: Hall Of Fame Red Carpet 2016 : Dean Ambrose is drunk as fuck.

Something I Can Never Have

"Are you drunk? Dean! you could be suspended for that!" Roman scolded.

Dean shrugged.

"Why the fuck do you care huh?" He spat and walked away from Roman as fast as he could.

Hall Of Fame Red Carpet 2016 : Dean was drunk as fuck.

2 hours prior/

The hotel lobby was packed with people, Dean was getting hard time to join the elevator. Current roster superstars were exchanging loudly with veterans, everyone very happy to be here. He had spent all day doing meet and greets and he was tired, but he still had to get a shower and change into an uncomfortable suit to look like penguin like everyone tonight at the Hall of fame. Finally, the doors of the elevator opened and he stepped in, pushing the button of his floor.

He walked the long corridor watching every door numbers until a little voice called his name .

"Uncle Dean! UNCLE DEAAAAAN!" Dean turned around and saw Jojo, Roman's daughter, running to him. He loved that kid. She was always smiling and happy to be on tour with her father. She had spent a lot of time with them all and called Dean and Seth her "uncles". Dean always had a special bond with the little girl, they both loved candies and

going to the zoo, and he always tried to entertain her while on tour, because traveling could be boring for a 8 years old.

"Hey kiddo! How you doing?!" he picked her up and the little girl planted a kiss on his cheek. Roman & his wife Galina came right behind her to say hi. Dean put jojo down, and waved at Roman and his beautiful woman.

"Gonna get ready for tonight.. We will see you there." Roman Smiled and put a hand on his back before passing him to get to their room. Galina smiled to him and followed his husband.

She was gorgeous. Seeing her all dressed up for tonight already made Dean's stomach churn. Tonight, Roman will be with his wife on his arm, he will compliment her. Everyone was going to compliment her. And at the end of the night, she will be the one sleeping next to him. HIM. His brother, his partner in crime, his Roman.

Dean was jealous. ** .Jealous.** Galina had everything. The nice house, the adorable kid, a killer body and the man Dean dreamed of every night. That wasn't fair.

He'd been in love with the samoan for the past four years and he never said anything. Seth was the only one who knew about what he seemed to be a little crush .Then suddenly the little crush became a burning passion. Back in the days, the two toned told him countless times to take a chance. Yeah, Roman had a kid, a family, but he wasn't married YET, so it couldn't hurt to tell the truth. Even if Roman wasn't returning his feelings, at least he would know. That was until he got the news in december 2014. While Roman was away from the ring for a suggery and rumours were that he took advantage of his time off to get married.

He coulnd't, wouldn't believe it, then Seth came into his locker room, his "bad news" face on and showed him a picture. His Roman, on the beach with his daughter and his wife. His **WIFE. **

White dress and wedding suit.

After that Dean had spent countless nights without sleep, drinking more than he should have, crying like a baby. Even if on screen Seth and him were bitter ennemies, the "architect" stayed with him most of the time, cuddeling and trying to make him stop the tears. Without seth, his other best friend, he would have probably ended his life in the cheapest motel of the country. Roman had gotten married and he didn't even talk to him about it. They were best friends ! Since that day, everything spiraled out of control. Dean was reckless, risking his life anytime, on any occasion, throwing all caution to the wind, like he had a deathwish. But even with seth begging him to the just talk to the big samoan, he never, never told Roman how he was feeling.

Later that night Dean was already on his sixth whiskey at the open bar, when he saw Roman talking with his father. They exchanged looks, and that was all. Dean couldn't stop thinking about how handsome Roman looked in that black suit.

He always liked to see him dressed up. He was the most beautiful man he ever laid his eyes on. He just wanted to walk to him and kiss the hell out of him.

And rip his shirt.

And let him fuck him senseless, right here, right now, with everyone to watch and see. He shook his head and forced himself to look away from Roman who was holding his wife by the waist, his fingers running on the sparkly red fabric of her dress.

Dean gulped his glass all the way and tuned to the bartender, asking for another. Double.

The bartender hesitated a moment, thinking Dean already had enough but poured the bourbon anyway when Ambrose stared at him menacingly. He didn't want to be punched in the face by the lunatic, from what he had heard the guy could be pretty unpredictable.

Dean had been called to make a little interview with Renée on the red carpet. The girl was the nicest he ever met, and maybe if he wasn't that engrossed by Roman he would have looked at her differently. She never hid the fact that she liked him. They were carpooling together sometimes, and she was hanging a lot with his close friends and everyone was already thinking they were together, but Dean didn't like her that way.

He approached her in a nonchalant manner as she started asking questions, a camera aimed at him. But alcohol had already kicked in and his speech was slurred, sometimes he just stopped and his mind was blank, but Renée being an amazing professional always bounced on another question and cutted short the interview.

As the woman went to interview some other superstar she passed by Roman and discreetly murmured

" I think Ambrose is shitfaced, keep an eye on him before something wrong happen."

Roman sighed. It was common for Dean to get hammered before the shows recently, but this was Hall Of Fame for god's sake! He couldn't let him cause a scandal or something, if one of the Mcmahons saw him like that he could be in real trouble. He excused himself and let his wife with his cousins before he made his way through the crowd of people to find Dean.

Once he found his friend he grabbed him by the arm and yanked him so they were face to face.

"Are you drunk? Dean! you could be suspended for that!" Roman scolded.

Dean shrugged.

"Why the fuck do you care huh?" He spat and walked away from Roman as fast as he could but the Samoan would not let him get away from it that easily.

"Why do I care? Dean, let's not make a scene here, but you're my brother that's why I care! Come on, it's time for the ceremony, you're gonna sit tight and behave!"

Brother. Brother. Roman had no idea how much that stung into Dean's

heart. Not even talking about the fact Roman had treated him like a child. But anyway, Ambrose did as Roman told. He sat by his side during the ceremony, trying to sober up a little and to behave the best he could.

As soon as the hall of fame ended, Dean took the opportunity to leave the building when Roman was talking with someone. He took a cab and went back to the hotel. He needed to sleep it off and to get his head straight. Wrestlemania was next and he couldn't fuck up the biggest moment of his life because he was in love with his brother right?

After a long cold shower Dean spread naked on his hotel bed. He ran a hand over his face and sighed. He wanted to end this. Everything. Wrestling was his passion but he could do it with Roman around anymore. He wanted out. Even if that means he had to go back to the indies, he couldn't stay here, sit back and watch the man he loved being with someone else.

A knock on the door made him huff. It probably was Roman to know if he was there and okay, and right now the Samoan was the last person he wanted to see. He got up not even bothering to put clothes on and opened the door rolling his eyes.

"What now?"

Seth was there. He knew his best friend was in town for Wrestlemania but they hadn't had the chance to run into each other yet. He lunged himself forward into Seth's arms trying to not spill the tears that were threatening to fall on his cheeks.

"Okay man..Okay this is getting weird. You're naked and we're hugging in the hall..Let's go inside should we?" Seth patted Dean's shoulder and pushed him inside before closing the door after him.

"God I thought you would never be there.. I.. I fucked up.. Again." Dean was pushing his hands into his eyes socket.

"Yeah I know.. Roman called me to check on you.. Would you put something on man? This is fucking disturbing!" Seth motioned to Dean's nakedness, waving his hands.

Dean put a towel around his waist and sat on the bed as Seth took a seat in an expensive chair in the corner of the room.

"Roman told me you were drunk on the red carpet tonight, what were you thinking? And you look pretty sober to me right now, was this all just a play?"

"Come on I was drunk like 6 hours ago and ate two greasy burgers on my way there.. That helped a little." Dean huffed, picking at his fingernails, hands in his lap, head down.

"Dean.. You can't go down that path again.. you need to stop being silly and.." Seth sighed.

"I can't do this anymore Seth.. I'm..I'm tired of fighting against something that only exists in my head..."

Seth was speechless, he didn't know what he could do anymore for

Dean. He was destroying himself in some attempt Roman would /see/ him, but he didn't. Roman was a kind man, and a good friend, but he always mistook dean's attitude towards him.

"If you love him Dean, if you really love him, maybe you should let him go. If he's happy with is life, maybe you should be happy for him and move on."

Dean lied down the bed and turned his back to seth. "I love him. And deep down I know this feeling will never go away. _Never._"

There will be at least another chapter to this. Every review is welcome ! As I say everytime, english isn't my first language so.. Sorry for any mistake, I'll be glad to correct them if you find some! Hope you all enjoyed :)

End
file.